

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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MADONNA PIA

Creation boasts no other work so fair
As Mary, lily-maid, and Queen on high,
Whose glory dims the stars that gild the sky,
Whose beauty charms away the weight of care.
Behold her eyes half veiled with kindly tears
Like bluest water seen through mist of rain;
See her soft hair close braided by her ears,
Her cheeks whereon no love hath left its stain.

Her soul more white than throat of silvered dove
For man will ever be a shrine of purest love;
On earth her life was one of utter woe
A thousand deaths she suffered here below;
Her only joy was found in Jesus' kiss
With whom she now abides in endless bliss.

C. Flynn '29

THE KING BECAME INSANE

To secure material for interesting stories in which royalty figures prominently, one needs but rummage through diaries and chronicles such as record the manner of living that was customary in the old palaces of France. Of these palaces none can furnish more absorbing tales than that renowned abode of genuine royalty known as the Louvre. Its walls re-echoed fulsomely to the sound of voices and the clatter of deeds which have all the alluring interests of intrigue, wisdom, and pleasure.

In a courtyard at the rear of the Louvre, a place that at present is a haunt for tourists, King Charles V of France, known as the Wise, often gathered the officials of state and there discoursed with them in Solomonic shrewdness about the glories and destinies of France. In the course of one of these wise talks, he turned to his son, then but a lad twelve years old, and urged him to seek an alliance with the powerful house of Burgundy, for, as he sapiently remarked, a marriage with a Burgundian princess would add strength to the right arm of the kingdom. After the death of Charles V, which occurred in 1830, his son, who then came to the throne as Charles VI, soon determined to do as he pleased about his future marriage.

The wise old King died unpitied and unloved in spite of all his wisdom; his royal son, who did not deserve to be pitied or loved, was pitied and loved throughout his life and was loudly lamented at his death. With the same good reason that Charles V was considered to be a wise man, his son, Charles VI, may be said to be a plain fool, as the sequel of events in his life will properly show.

When looking for reasons that have made a monarch act either sensibly or foolishly, it will always be well in place to take into account the character of the person who was wife and queen to him, for the Biblical "rib" of old Adam stands at the head of a long line of "ribs", and many of these have succeeded in putting more rib than backbone in the thoughts of otherwise illustrious men. And so it came to be with Charles VI. He did possess brains of a fairly good caliber, but he disregarded the advice of his wise father concerning an alliance through marriage with the house of Burgundy, and took unto himself as his "better half" Isabeau de Baviere, a princess of German and Italian descent. This Isabeau put so much "rib" into the thoughts of her kingly husband that he at first became obfuscated, then gradually obnubilated, and finally so bedizened in mind that at length he could not think at all.

It was an ill-starred day for France on which Charles VI for the first time met young Isabeau de Baviere. She was intent on making a pilgrimage just then to the shrine of St. John of Amiens. Charles had barely been introduced to her when, with almost insane haste, he insisted upon immediate marriage. The fact that he could not speak a word of German, and that she could not speak a word of French made no difference to him. Four days after their first meeting they were married, giving no time, as was customary at royal weddings, for the preparation of the usual elaborate ceremonies.

Isabeau, now Queen of France, soon gave evidence in her conduct that she had but one line of interest in life, and that was endless amusement. Her inordinate craving for pleasure; her luxurious way of living; her wild extravagance in dress so thoroughly pervaded all social circles of France that they made

themselves noticeable even at funerals. A real frenzy of debauchery ran through the entire country with the consequence that life came to be one mad revel with no thought as to who was to "pay the piper". All gave themselves up to dancing and capering as if bitten by a tarantula. The old chronicler, Froissart, who was an eyewitness of the doings at the French court in those days has the following to relate:

"Here were men finically tricked out and effeminately trailing on the ground robes twelve ells long; there others who wore sleeves flowing down so low that they had trouble to keep from stepping on them; here men-beasts embroidered all over with figures of animals of every kind; there men-music, picked all over with notes from which one could sing from before or from behind; while others placarded themselves with a scroll of signs and letters which, no doubt, said nothing good. Rational beings did not hesitate to disguise themselves in satanic, bestial shapes similar to those that grin down on us from the eaves of our great cathedrals. Men wore horns on their shoes—the peaks of their shoes being twisted into shapes like griffins and serpents' tails; but the headdress of the women was most ridiculously fantastic. They wore a real scaffolding of horns on their heads which obliged them to turn sideways and stoop as often as they went in or out of a room."

After the delirium of the first revel that followed upon the royal marriage had subsided, King Charles took to bed with a fever that made him forget everything—even that affairs of state required his attention. His Queen, to be sure, was the last person in all France to take upon herself anything that looked like governing. It was upon her request that the uncles of Charles now took matters of state in hand. This

arrangement suited the designs of Queen Isabeau perfectly. She cared little about her position as Queen of France, but she did desire to be Queen of Revels. For the purpose she had in mind she needed the assistance of her husband, the King, who now being free to do as he pleased could steadily be at her side.

With nothing to do for the royal pair but to indulge whatever pleasure they liked, it is not at all surprising that they now planned one bacchanal, one debauch, one orgy after another until the health of the King became visibly undermined. That he could not bear the unending bouts of pleasure for which the Queen craved, soon became evident to all the court. But neither the warnings of the court nor the illness of the King could give any dismay to Queen Isabeau. Without the least scruple she proceeded to leave the King out of account when there was question of amusement, and turned to her more sturdy brother-in-law, the brilliant Louis of Orleans. Him she chose as partner at dances, banquets, fetes, and in pleasure jaunts, while the weakling King had to remain in bed and had to submit to the dictates of physicians and nurses. Naturally this conduct on the part of his wife gave much grief and anxiety to Charles. The troubles that had been removed from his mind by being relieved from the duties of governing were now replaced by family worries. Gossip and whisperings brought it to his ears continuously that the conduct of his Queen was shamelessly scandalous.

Health gradually returned to Charles. His uncles who governed in his name now earnestly advised him to pursue a moderate and sane course of living. Charles listened to them complaisantly, and even consented to a reduction of taxes since he had resolved to be henceforth economical. Expensive diversions

were no longer to form a part of his amusements. But he had not counted upon the opposition to his excellent resolutions that the Queen was sure to make. She voiced her opposition very soon and made it good too. She even made him throw off the control of his uncles; put the reins of the government back into his hands, and frowned and pouted until he restored the taxes, as without money her expensive tastes could not be satisfied.

Any excuse was sufficient for Queen Isabeau to hold a fete or a revel. She needed excitement, and to please her King Charles now began to squander money until the people groaned and the royal officers trembled with fear at the thought of what would surely come in consequence of this terrible extravagance. Though the King and Queen had been married already for a number of years, and four of these years had been spent right in Paris, yet they allowed it to dawn on themselves like a startling surprise that Isabeau had never been crowned, and that she had never made a royal entry into the metropolis of the kingdom. Immediately the city of Paris was ordered to make the most dazzling preparations for the sake of receiving Isabeau worthily as Queen. The fact that she had been seen in the city for fully four years should not prevent her from receiving a formal introduction to the capital of her adopted country.

Very fortunate for the people of Paris, a spell of sickness seized upon Charles, and though his fever at this period held on for only a short time, yet it gave them a chance for breathing somewhat easily while making the elaborate preparations for the singular event that stood before them. No sooner, however, was the King able to drag himself out of his bed, when further delay in the supposedly important matter of introducing Isabeau as Queen to her capital

could not be tolerated. On the day, definitely set for the celebration, the Parisians, as Froissart mentions, dressed themselves in the gayest costumes of scarlet, green, and gold; each vying with his neighbor in personal splendor and rivalling, as far as he dared, the georgeouness of the dress of the courtiers and nobles. At length everything was in readiness for the grand march.

Paris had beheld nothing like this magnificent parade in all its previous history. From a place three miles outside of the city where Isabeau had betaken herself, the endless stream of humanity, glittering with a glory that cost hundreds of millions of francs, pushed its way onward and at length wended its way through the streets of the capital under a maze of waving flags; past fountains flowing with wine; past balconies and windows that were festooned with flowers and crowded with spectators, while musicians played before the doors of many houses, and miracle plays were enacted at the street corners. The Queen, radiant with jewels, was hailed continuously with shouts of joy and acclamations of welcome. This enthusiastic demonstration continued up to the arch of what was known as the old portal of St. Denis. Here everybody in the procession stood hushed in astonishment at a device that for sheer beauty had never been equalled. A canopy representing heaven made full of stars and filled with angels was so arranged that two of the angels could float down very gracefully and place a crown on the head of Queen Isabeau while singing the words: "Fair lady, amid the 'fleur-de-lis' surely you are from heaven." A master tumbler who had fastened his rope to the highest point of one of the towers of Notre Dame cathedral and to the tower of a neighboring church, nimbly walked his rope with a lighted torch in each hand, while all in the streets

below stood breathless in a thrill of wonder. From a point of vantage he suddenly dropped a flashing shower of golden stars before the Queen in imitation of the shower of gold that Jove, as it is stated in mythology, allowed to fall upon his favorite earthly maid, Danae. All this was brilliant, but the people of France had to pay for the foolery.

A few days after the coronation ceremony was over, Charles and Isabeau left Paris. They feared unpopularity as an increase of taxes was necessary to meet the expenditure of seventy millions of gold crowns. To the people it now became plain that Queen Isabeau was a source of real grievance for them. They began to hate her, but that did not worry her, neither did the heavy 'pretty penny' which the people had to pay for her amusement cause her any worry. King Charles, however, did worry and worried grievously about the matter. He soon fell sick and showed the first signs of insanity from which he was never again to recover completely.

Years dragged on without bringing any change in the habits of the Queen and without bringing any relief to the financial distress of the King. At length matters narrowed down to a real crisis. An attempt had been made to murder Louis of Orleans, the brother of the King. The Duke of Brittany was accused of fomenting this plot. To punish him, Charles now marched at the head of an army into Brittany. But he was no more than well on the way, when he was surprised by a report that came to him concerning the naughty doings of the Queen. She was leading the Dauphin and the other royal children into every kind of debauchery and was setting an example of plainly vicious living. Charles sent back an order to confine the royal children in the Louvre. The order was carried out, but the irritation caused by the report se-

verely disturbed the mind of the King. Suddenly a violent fit of insanity seized upon him. He charged upon the pages who were riding at his side with drawn sword, all the while crying as if in the heat of battle, "On, on, down with the traitors!" The expedition had but one result; it stirred up civil war in France. Charles, who was now almost hopelessly insane, was left to a fate that became ever more sad and terrible.

The Hundred-years War between England and France had not as yet come to a close. With civil war prevailing in France and an insane King on the throne, the English naturally regarded their prospects as the brightest and the best possible. They renewed the long-drawn-out conflict with redoubled fury. At the hard-fought battle of Agincourt the French army was utterly routed and the last hopes of the country lay prostrate. With the exception of a small strip of land on which the now insane King, Charles VI, was to live out his last days in peace, all France passed under British dominion.

Queen Isabeau promptly threw her fortunes in with the English, who, knowing her tastes, established her in a beautiful palace and gave her a grand pension. The poor insane King no longer had any place in her thoughts; even his death which was deeply lamented and which caused the shedding of many tears, as it was believed by the people that he was the last sovereign whom the French could regard as their own King, did not press a single tear from the eyes of Queen Isabeau. Though much advanced in years at this period of her life, she, nevertheless, continued in her accustomed round of pleasure. For her adopted country she entertained no feeling of any kind; she ridiculed the weak attempts made by a bare handful of French knights to liberate their

country from English control; she scorned Jeanne d' Arc and laughed loudly when she was informed that this country maid was leading an army to the relief of Orleans; she sneered at the news that her son, the Dauphin, was being crowned King at Rheims, and only when she saw the young English King, Henry VI, pass before the very windows of her palace on his way to the cathedral of Notre Dame to be crowned King of France, did she give way to grief and weeping for a short period of time.

Queen Isabeau had now arrived at that age when it becomes necessary for man to take in line and lower sails. She had travelled through life at a mad pace. Along the road over which she had gone lay the wreckage of a kingdom; numberless instances of genuine folly; countless specimens of wicked examples; and the wretched remains of a King, whom she had brought to insanity by her perverse conduct. It was plain that she could not live many years longer, yet her days were protracted sufficiently to allow her to know that her son was securely seated on the throne of his fathers as another real King. On September 24, 1435, she died with at least some outward show of piety, and was meanly buried, only four persons being present at her graveside.

F. Hartke '29

I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour beforehand.—Lord Nelson.

No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause.—Theodore Roosevelt.

M A Y

The fount of nature's beauty casts
A spray of charm, a sun-kist ray,
To furbish both the earth and sky
In token of the month of May.

The flowers sway and dance in glee
Beneath the sun so bright and gay;
And gleaming mists of perfume rise
To brim the loveliness of May.

Across the sky the martin flits,
And sweetly warbling seems to say:
"Rejoice, oh world, and join with me
In singing songs in praise of May!"

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
As nature opes her scented spray;
His burnished coat and gauzy wing
Are tinted by the light of May.

A cheerful tune is on my lips,
As now I watch the children play;
For sure it seems they too must feel
The joy that nature shows in May.

J. I. Schill '29

THE SUPREME LOVE

(Note, "The Supreme Love" won first place in the local short-story contest which was sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit.)

There is in India as in every clime in the world, a time when all things are silent with fatigue, and the very odors of the heavy atmosphere seem crude and stale. Winter, if this term may be used, is particularly depressing and spiritless in India. Finally, however, there comes the birth of another day—the day of spring. Although the eye perceives no change, the senses are invigorated by the smells that are new and delightful. The wild life of the mysterious jungle is re-awakened. Its furry denizens shed their winter's growth of hair in long-draggled locks. Then, perhaps, come a few showers; simultaneously, all the trees, the bushes, the bamboos, the mosses, and the juicy-leaved plants awake with a noise of growing that is almost audible. Parallel to this noise runs by day and by night a deep hum. That is the noise of spring—a vibrating boom which is neither bees, nor falling water, nor the wind in the tree tops, but the purring of the warm happy world.

Joyfully the little village of Botang was reacting to this rejuvenation of nature. The dusky natives were preparing busily for the annual hunt and all were mightily pleased at the prospective sport of the coming season. In order that success might be assured them, they were ready to sacrifice to the gods; but the presence of the strange black-robe, who one year before had come unbidden into the village, would prove most displeasing to the gods. With his strange preachings, he had proved himself an enemy to them and to the gods of their ancestors.

Already he had ensnared a few of their people and was holding meetings in the wretched hut on the fringe of the clearing. If the people of Botang were to achieve success in the hunt, this intruder must be removed. The ominous glances cast in the direction of Father Vickroy's hut apparently boded him no good.

Entirely oblivious to the joyous transformation of nature and the consequent re-awakening of life in the village, Father Vickroy dejectedly surveyed the meager results of his year's intensive labors in Botang. The wretched hut, constructed by his own hands, represented the sum total of his material endeavors, and the extremely slight progress that he had accomplished spiritually among the suspicious natives was too painfully apparent to his mind's eye. With a pang he realized that very little had been accomplished by him in spite of his ten year's heroic efforts as a missionary. He turned with a sigh to the reading of his breviary.

As night fell the sounds in the village gradually subsided. Only by the occasional cry of some wild beast was the monotonous hum of the jungle interrupted. Father Vickroy had just completed the reading of the office and was preparing to retire when he was disturbed by someone at the door. A sudden feeling of fearful apprehension seized him, for he had sensed the growing antipathy of the natives toward him and the unusualness of this night-visit filled him with no little alarm. Without ceremony the door was opened and in the gloom was revealed the terrified face of a native boy. Father Vickroy recognized with some relief that the boy was alone, and that he was one whom he had befriended in many ways. That the boy was bursting to tell something of importance was evidenced by the perspiring

body and gasping breath which indicated his haste. "Father," he gasped in broken English, "bad men want to kill you." Before the startled priest could place a question, the boy had gone as unceremoniously as he had come.

The puzzled missionary closed the door and attempted to piece together this strange incident and the apparent belligerent attitude of the natives. It was hardly possible, he reasoned, that they would go so far as to take his life, for then, they would be held accountable to the British government. What, then, was the purport of the boy's message? Although Father Vickroy was at a loss for an adequate explanation, he settled himself for whatever might come. Needless to say, he slept very little that night. When morning came, he reproached himself for acting as a silly old woman in entertaining such fears as assailed him on the preceeding night.

As the days passed nothing unusual happened. With the exodus of the greater part of the male inhabitants, the abnormal life in the village prior to the season's big hunt had subsided. While the drowsiness that fell upon the village after the departure of the hunters would have been ordinarily a burden to an otherwise cheerful disposition, it served to restore a feeling of security in the mind of Father Vickroy. For the present he was left to do his work unmolested and peaceful. He would undertake the conversion of the women and children of the village, if possible, and would be assured thereby of greater success among the men when they returned. With a heart that was filled with elation at the prospect of even a small harvest of souls, Father Vickroy threw himself whole-heartedly into his work. Already the women were showing interest in what he told them of Christain doctrine and daily crowded

about his humble abode seeking instruction. While he watched the growing fruits of his indefatigable labors, Father Vickroy thanked God, who at last was blessing his labors.

Soon, as the season was drawing to a close, the hunters were due to return, but, in contemplating his fruitful labors of the past summer, Father Vickroy looked forward with complacency to the hunters' coming. As he surveyed the motley village in the gathering dusk, his eyes had a look of hopeful radiance and his cup of contentment was filled to overflowing. Turning to enter his hut, his eye was arrested by the sight of a dark figure that was hurrying in his direction from the shadowy fringe of the jungle which bordered the clearing. He stopped short, surprised. In the fading light he recognized the figure as that of one of the hunters evidently sent ahead to announce the coming of the main group of men. As the native came nearer, Father Vickroy perceived his face to be drawn in pain and grief. "Come quick, white father. Ramieri deadly sick in jungle and need your medicine," he gasped, indicating the dark jungle with a backward nod of his head. Without hesitation the missionary hastened to prepare for the perilous journey into the jungle while his heart leaped joyously at the thought of doing good. He did not think of possible treachery in the dread confines of the mysterious jungle. There was a poor dying native in need of spiritual as well as bodily aid, and to him he must go, no matter what the hazards might be. In a few minutes he was on his way guided by the messenger. They followed the beaten paths that were in the vicinity of the village, striking ever deeper and deeper into the trackless wilderness. Now they were come to the unfrequented part of the jungle where walking was exceedingly diffi-

cult owing to the thick foliage and clinging vines. Silently and courageously, the dusky guide pushed forward, and it was with great difficulty that Father Vickroy kept apace. Suddenly before the very eyes of the missionary the native disappeared, swallowed up by the dark foliage. Father Vickroy hurried forward but in spite of frantic search was unable to account for such a strange disappearance. In answer to his shouts, only the muffled echo of his voice mingled with the chattering of the monkeys in the tree tops was heard. He was lost in the terrible jungle. As this fact slowly dawned upon him, he realized that this was the sacrifice asked of him by God as His missionary.

A year had passed, yet there was no explanation of the strange disappearance of Father Vickroy. Once more the magic of spring was in the air. In the budding of all her finery, nature blushed happily. Again the little village of Botang moved to a re-animated rhythm. But the ictus of that rhythm was the silvery peal of a bell which sweetly rang out in the morning air calling the dusky natives to render homage to their Heavenly Queen. As the successor of Father Vickroy fervently offered Mass in the little church now erected in the clearing, the devotion of this new flock in the fold of Christ was truly a worthy tribute to the sacrifice of the faithful, but now lost missionary.

Thomas Clayton '31

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

James A. Garfield.

TWO FLASHES OF EMOTION

Though it be a platitude to assert that people in general labor under the hallucination that wealth is fundamental to happiness, yet the fact that it is so, neither platitude nor hallucination can make untrue. To realize how foolish the notion happens to be which this pet hallucination has stamped upon the minds of people, it will only be necessary to turn to the masterpieces in the department of letters. Here the dark veil that makes life dull and tedious is withdrawn from before the scene of things, and the figured curtain of rare delight is allowed to descend before the eye of the mind with all its enthralling beauty. Earthly wealth has no such tricks in its possession; no such magic that can tap the pent-up streams of pleasure in man, and whatever influence it can exert upon the human mind is confined totally to the idea that wandering from one sensuous delight to another, like a butterfly flits from flower to flower, will ultimately lead to real enjoyment.

That happiness of as true a kind as this life is able to afford, and that will have the quality to endure, must come from within the heart of man is an age-old human experience, and it is only this kind of happiness, such as proceeds from the heart, that will keep the memory of a nation alive after all its monuments of wealth have fallen to dust. Hence the statement referring to nations who have been forgotten, "they had no poet and they died", can only mean that these nations sought "to have and to hold" but not "to contemplate and to express". But in what way should they have contemplated and expressed? Briefly, they should have expressed the unquenchable joys of emotion as is done in the literature of Ireland in spite of oppression and persecution;

as is found in the literature of Spain in spite of eight hundred years of continuous warfare against the Moors. If emotional enjoyment of which lyric poetry is the only true index is to be regarded as evidence of individual and national happiness, then the inhabitants of these two countries must have enjoyed life immensely even in the face of protracted and serious difficulties.

In an intensely practical country like the United States, it might be very reasonably expected that deference to wealth should be the chief attitude of people towards life in its every aspect. Though such an attitude is assumed to be a fact, yet it is not the whole fact for all years in the past, thanks to James Russell Lowell, who has given this country lyrics that indicate that the true joy of which poetry is the exponent, finds a well-established place in this land. Among the numerous gems that Lowell, America's best poet, has produced for the benefit of his country, "The Sirens" may well be said to hold the first place. The theme of this poem is an entreaty to listen to the voice of pleasure in preference to the calls that are voiced by sterner interests. It is not pleasure in the gross sense of the term that is here signified, but that mild and balmy pleasure of the heart that sends the usual cares that crown a man's head with thorns to the limbo of oblivion. To achieve the same result, the old Persian, Omar Khayyam, takes refuge to Bacchus in the lines of his "Rubaiyat," while Lowell assigns this task figuratively and more poetically to the Sirens, who in mythology symbolize the call of the human heart for clean and lasting enjoyment.

According to the ancients these nymphs named Sirens were supposed to sing so enticingly that to escape their snares it was thought imperative to stop

one's ears with wax. To do justice to these ingenious creatures of the imagination would surely tax the power of any poet even though he were singled out as a special favorite by the muses. Whether Lowell in his own opinion ranked high in the favor of the muses, or whether he was unaware of the gravity of the task which he was undertaking, is of no consequence. But it is of consequence to answer the question whether or not Lowell has properly voiced the call of the human heart for real and lasting pleasure in this poem, a matter of which the Sirens are suggestive.

At first blush the poem seems to reflect the dreamy mood which so vividly characterizes the life of Coleridge. There is this difference, however, that the dreamy mood reflected in "The Sirens" is not a result of narcotics as was usually the case with Coleridge, but it is the mood that expresses a longing for sane and normal delight—something that adds to life a pleasant and buoyant idealism. There are brought together a great number of the reminiscences of the joys and sorrows of by-gone days, all colored with the evanescent hues of an ethereal world. The traits that represent scenes or passions which a person has experienced at some time in his life are brought back to the memory in a picture touched by enchantment. They are reanimated; they are apparitions arrested in the act of vanishing; they are the sleeping, cold, buried images of the past revisited by life; they are adequately veiled in language that sends them forth anew among mankind bearing sweet news and awakening dormant joys that make a reader's weary days seem far more pleasant than they were formerly.

In the movement of the poem one finds a combination of the styles of Milton and Southey. In the enu-

meration of pleasures and their sources, Lowell suggests the dignity of Milton, but the reader soon strikes the breaks when the effects of these pleasures loom up before him. No longer is he allowed to glide along with Miltonic dignity and grace, but he is made to slip and slide as if he were descending "The Cataract of Lodore" with Southey as pilot. As the refrain, "Nevermore", is intended to recall and fix reminiscences in the mind, so in like manner does the music of the last lines of each division combine with the pleasing sound of the meter to awaken in the imagination an exquisite melody.

It may be urged with some show of reason that the diction as used in "The Sirens" is dangerously near to the commonplace. There are in this poem many words that seem purely colloquial, but the advantage arising from the use of words of this nature fully atones for their humble origin. This advantage plainly is an agreeable simplicity which permits the intended emotions to penetrate with ease into the feelings of the reader. Had Lowell held continuously to this manner of diction, he would not have incurred the charge of pedantry that has so often been hurled at him by readers of his more ambitious poems. His imagery, too, though somewhat slender in range, shows the same rather delightful simplicity that is noticeable in his diction. Apt, vivid, forceful are the images he uses, and they approach so near to the ideal because of a certain fitness which they have, that whatever of the ordinary or commonplace happens to be in them, is fully redeemed by their adroit expressiveness and singular charm. Within the range of the mood which this poem creates, Lowell has put into effective words the call of the human heart for an agreeable and lasting pleasure.

In his own words Lowell tells his readers that the pleasant beauty of nature held him so deeply in thrall that in imagination he was ever contemplating rivers winding through forests and meadows; ploughmen singing while turning the furrows; chipmunks chattering among the trees; the lights and shadows that roll in endless succession over the broad panorama of human existence, when suddenly with an abruptness that almost choked his voice, an unwanted emotion of sadness stole over his feelings. Tears dimmed his eyes when he became conscious that the little life which held as in one precious drop the love and faith of his heart was taken away. His baby daughter, an only child, had died, and in passing from this life she had carried away with herself all the brightness and beauty that life held for him. A spiritless gloom and a vague melancholy now settled upon the mind of Lowell where for so long a time pleasant reveries and cheerful scenes had held their place. But to the susceptible mind of a true poet sadness is as real an emotion as is joy, and with equal right seeks to find its way into words. The result of Lowell's grief is "The Changeling". Some months later when this poem appeared in a publication, Mr. Briggs, a friend of Lowell, says in a letter: "I have just laid 'The Changeling' aside; my eyes filled with tears while reading it. I think it is the most beautiful poem you have ever written and that it will be regarded as such by others many years hence, when I shall be wholly forgotten and you will only be known by the free thoughts you leave behind you".

In this poem Lowell touched the human heart as he had never done before, such, at least, is the opinion of critics like William J. Long. If harmony of emotion and perfect meter are the chief laws of poetry, then "The Changeling" is a perfect lyric.

There is no surging or billowing of emotion in this poem, but an even, pensive melancholy mood runs through it from the first word to the last never allowing the mind to swerve from the feeling that is created—a feeling of tearful bereavement.

It is often said that inasmuch as "The Changeling" is the creation of a specific event that the flow of feeling will necessarily be hampered by the startling reality of the event. But this assertion appears to be a conceit of critics that has no foundation in fact. The same easy wandering of the imagination is as evident in this poem as it is in any of those in which Lowell allows his fancy to roam free and unhampered in the realm of the ideal. In fact, what else has he done in this poem outside of translating a real ordinary, Mundane occurrence into the domain of the ideal? There is no reason whatsoever to fear a cramping of feeling either on the part of the poet or on the part of the reader just because the event that chances to be celebrated in a poem happens to be real.

"The Changeling" is characterized by an artistic finish and a pervading, definite mood that make an incisive appeal to the heart and mind of the reader. Its diction has all the simple sweetness about it that the melancholy strain that runs through the poem demands. It makes the reader aware of the inevitable visitations in thought and feeling that are so intimately associated with mortal existence, and, inasmuch as it frames a picture, albeit a sad one, in which human life is the chief element in stead of the amenities of mere nature, it may well take its place among those poetic creations that, even in the desire or regret they leave, cannot fall short of producing a real and lasting pleasure.

James Connor '30

ODE TO B. M. V.

Remember, Mary, Virgin blest
That never was it said
That anyone, who to thy side
For refuge having fled,
Or who upon thy goodness called
To help or intercede,
Was left without thy mighty aid;
His prayer thou didst not heed.

Inspired by this consoling thought,
I now unto thee fly;
Before thee kneeling penitent
I beg thee, hear my cry.
Despise not my petitions now,
But in thy mercy hear,
And ask thy Son to grant them all,
Sweet Virgin, Mother dear.

J. W. Baechle '30

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EDITORIALS

MOTHER'S-DAY THOUGHTS

Because love with swift and sure intuition can pierce through a seemingly cold exterior to discover a reciprocal love glowing beneath it, many people are content, except on rare occasions, to omit all but the slightest external signs of unusual affection for their friends and relatives. Fortunate it is that love is blest with an insight which often enables a lover to perceive that the slights offered by a loved one are more apparent than real. Were it not for this happy faculty of intuitive perception, many a mother would feel even more keenly than she does the failure of an absent son to write regularly; without this same intuition, many a mother would wince at the coldly impersonal manner in which an absent son sometimes bestows even his gifts.

When on Mother's Day a son pays tribute to her who at the cost of great pain and anguish brought him into this world, who with tender care nursed him through the illnesses of his childhood, and to whom he owes a measureless debt of gratitude, he is performing a splendid duty. As, in the round of multifarious duties which are included in a mother's daily routine, she pauses to look at some token from an absent son which she has just received from a postman or messenger, the beauty that lights up a mother's face could be described only by the pen of a genius. A son's slightest gift never fails to please a mother.

Pleased as a mother is with a printed card, or a gaudily decorated candy-box, or a spring-breathing bouquet of flowers, there are other remembrances, not to be bought with money, that can produce a happier glow in a maternal cheek. Unhappily, of late years, a taint of commercialism has attached itself to these gifts. A letter to mother inspired by the sublime emotions evoked in even the slightest contemplation of the word "mother" will supplement nicely these gifts by giving them a touch of warmth. If it is colored with the personality of her own son, a letter to mother—a real letter, not the usual hasty scrawl by which a son at college lets the folks at home know that unlooked for expenses have eaten deep into his monthly allowance—will please her more than flowers, candies, or cards on which are printed the borrowed sentiments of some professional rhymers.

Falling as it does on Sunday and in the midst of May, the flowery month of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the impulse to make Mother's Day religiously significant is well-nigh overpowering. With the example of the divinely perfect Son of God and His sinless Mother before a young man's eyes, limitless possi-

bilities for doing honor to his mother in a spiritual way will suggest themselves to a loving son. Such pious practices as novenas, the gathering of spiritual bouquets, and like devotions will give to Mother's Day some of the sublimity which it deserves.

FICTION IN DISGUISE

At the present time, detective yarns are enjoying great popularity in the fiction field; equally as popular in the non-fiction field are works of biography. Apparently, there would seem to be hardly any connection between stories which chronicle the doings of amateur and professional sleuths and books which chronicle the doings of historical characters. Biography, however, when written in the modern fashion, has to do with crime just as do detective stories; more's the pity.

Formerly, heroes were shown forth by their biographers amid a clashing of arms; today, the accompanying music to biographies is furnished by a rattling of skeletons which have been locked for many years in dark closets. With the same avidity with which an archaeologist seizes upon the remains of some ancient monument, so does a writer of so-called "de-sentimentalized" biography seize upon the slightest scrap of scandal that may add novelty to his interpretation of a standard hero.

Some years ago, a newspaper reporter was asked to eulogize a prominent man, lately deceased. Briefly, the reporter wrote the facts of the prominent citizen's life as commonly known, such as the date of his birth, amount of exposure to education, election to various offices, and date of his death. Even briefer was the eulogy proper, for the newspaperman wrote: "If the adage 'Nothing but good report of the dead' must be applied to newspaper writing, this eulogy

ends here." As a writer of biographies, that reporter would never have reached the best seller class. At the point at which modern "Lives" make their popular appeal, he had abruptly halted his story.

With its stress upon subjectivism, the new system of writing biography leans more in the direction of autobiography than in the direction of its true goal. In the attempt to live himself into the life of the subject of his studies, the author hardly ever succeeds in expressing anything but his own self. Perhaps at times folks are a bit too much interested in everything that goes on in the life of a great man. However much this fault may be deplored, it may be condoned to some extent, provided the one who reads or writes accepts facts merely as facts and nothing more. When, however, an author proceeds to cram down his readers' throats what this or that man thought when he did a certain action, then that author has overstepped his proper limits. Insight into souls is not one of the prerogatives of biographers.

A reviewer recently found fault with a biographer of Emily Dickinson, the New England poetess, for accepting an apparently moral action at its face value. Modern psycho-analytic biographers probably had a different explanation. If Emily Dickinson couched, as she did, her refusal to an offer of marriage from one whom she loved, but who was married to another, in an adamant "No!" and turned resolutely from the forbidden love, a psychologist has no more right—undoubtedly less right—to insist that her refusal was prompted by utilitarian motives than another person has to call the New England lady's action saintly self-abnegation. The real secret of her refusal is locked in the grave with her. Charity should prompt the kinder interpretation or no interpretation at all.

Too much that is purely imaginative writing parades in the factual clothing of biography. The highly colored accounts of a young girl's adventures in "the cradle of the deep," psychological and psycho-analytical biographies that reveal more of their authors than they do of their subject should be classified in accordance with their true nature. Imaginative self-revelations should remain on the fiction shelves, psychological biographs should remain on the shelves reserved for works of autobiography. Perhaps the whole lot could be heaped together with the "Tarzan" stories, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "The Ball and the Cross," "The Time Machine" and other tales of the long bow.

EXCHANGES

To an Exchange Editor, who usually is an "old crank", one that will register a "kick" as often as possible, it would seem that THE MARYMOUNT COLLEGE SUNFLOWER imposes too much on good nature. And why do we, who are of the cloth, say this? Plainly for the reason that at every quarter The Sunflower appears wholly and absolutely above reproach. The present number is no exception to the rule; and is, because of this fact, worthy of much praise. It is neatly designed throughout its entire makeup. Though all the stories and essays show strong and wholesome views on the part of their authors, our warmest compliments go to the section dealing with interesting new books. Book reviews of merit are very important to modern readers. We beg leave to congratulate the worthy staff, and gladly bid them "do it again".

THE BLUE AND WHITE, Catholic Central High

School, Grand Rapids, verifies the saying; "Precious things come in small packages." For a journal of its size, The Blue and White has a number of excellent productions. Among the many well written poems we would mention especially, "The Sunrise" and "Sophomores." The biography of St. Patrick in the March number is instructive since it appraises a man of excellent virtues, and who, worthy of much consideration, has probably received little by all who are not natives of Hibernia. We hope that we shall have The Blue and White with us next year, and that it brings as many good things as it has done this year.

It is a pleasant duty to compliment the staff of THE ST. ANN NEWS on their excellent work. Though St. Ann News is mostly local in flavor, we, nevertheless, always find it interesting.

THE HOUR GLASS is an exchange in which we take deep interest. The fact that it is "The little brother of the Dial," makes it all the more appreciated. The editorials in the most recent issue of the Hour Glass, some of local, others of general interest, are seasonable, and bear the stamp of originality of thought. The editors and contributors of both The Dial and The Hour Glass show genuine literary ability, and do, indeed, reflect honor and distinction on their Alma Mater.

THE WILSON ECHO, Easton, Pennsylvania, is a school publication characterized by pep. All the articles are written in a clear, journalistic style. It is much to our regret that more space cannot be given to literary topics. The two poems, "Spring" and "April and May" are worthy of comment.

Other recent exchanges for which we are grateful are the following:

The Academy News, St. Mary's High School, Lor-

aine, Ohio; The Brown and White, St. Francis Prep. Seminary, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; The Championette, Champion Prep. School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; The Calvert News, Calvert High School, Tiffin, Ohio; The Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana; The Gavel, Notre Dame High School, Covington, Ky.; The Gonzaga Bulletin, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington; The Gothic, Seminars of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Michigan; The H. C. C. Journal, Hays Catholic College, Hays, Kansas; The Look-A-Head, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio; The Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois; The Marian, St. Mary's High School, Columbus, Ohio; The Merlini Mission Harbinger, St. Mary's Prep. Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio; The Nazarene, Nazareth College, Nazareth, Michigan; The Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio; The Olivia, Academy of The Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Indiana; The Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario; The Periscope, Subiaco College, Subiaco, Arkansas; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana; The St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois; The Varsity News, University of Detroit, Detroit, Michigan; The Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; The Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin; The Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois; The Warrior, Oakdale High School, Oakdale, Louisiana; and The Wendeleite, St. Wendelin High School, Fostoria, Ohio.

A man is a great thing upon the earth and through eternity; but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.—Walt Whitman.

LIBRARY NOTES

Recent Books and Book Selection

The question is sometimes asked: Why does the library not advertise its recent books in the Collegian? The answer is that our library neither specializes in last-off-the-press books, nor caters to readers who are looking only for such books. 'Tis true, this is a day of reading books right fresh from the press, with ink scarcely dry, and covers not seasoned enough to keep them from warping. Such an inveterate quest for recency is not a true booklover's trait; not a healthy condition to be stimulated, but a disease to be guarded against—a mania of mis-motivated reading already more than enough encouraged by publishers and book clubs to need any further aid on the part of libraries.

Apart from what might be called the mania argument, is a second explanation. In our library the scramble for the latest books is already overgreat. Encouraging it by advertising would add only to the confusion at the service window and to the disappointment on the part of unsuccessful applicants; a book can be given to only one reader at a time; and with intelligent and judicious book-buying,—which means getting the really best books with limited funds regardless of time of publication—there can be an accessioning of only a limited number of ultra-recent publications.

The one big thing in making one's reading list is to remember that good books lose none of their virtue because other books have come off the press, or because other books have been proclaimed books of a later month. If, therefore, anyone has not yet read a March or an April book--or what is more, a good old classic which never had the reputation of being

a book-of-the-month at all, but has only the distinction of being a book of years, of decades, or of centuries—he should read that book in May regardless of what books his official thinking and choosing committee has selected for the month of May, regardless of what wood-pulp publishers have stuck between pasteboard covers, regardless of what books his library has added to its shelves. If the books are good, what difference does it make just when they were published; if they are bad, how can their recency save them?

The class of books that one should read depends upon one's own needs; the type of book, upon one's tastes. As to their reading program, let students seek the advice of their instructors; consult the references of their text-books; read judicious book reviews; go to the library shelves and examine and compare books; and discuss among themselves the merits and demerits of books and authors. Let the students not become dependent for their likes and dislikes upon the taste of hired book tasters. Books that have been selected by a representative board of judges may be well-worth consideration for reading at sometime, but always with a great amount of one's own discrimination. Books are chosen by judges through motives ranging all the way from personal likes and dislikes to motives of special purposes they have in view, not excluding entirely the expectation of monetary gains accruing to the managers of the book clubs; and, as a consequence, some of the books selected are as literally rotten as others are good.

Recency of publication certainly is no guide. Only a little more than a year ago, "Trader Horn" was acclaimed as the book of the month by the selecting committee of the Literary Guild. So much

was it esteemed that the second volume received an equally enthusiastic boost in a quickly succeeding month. The regular trade price at the time was four dollars, but everybody demanded it. Though nothing has happened to the book, to the author, or to conditions in general so as to change the intrinsic value of the book in any way, still, today, when the book can be bought for ninety-eight cents, it has few readers. It was a book of the month, and its month has passed. No, this is not saying that the book was devoid of merits; most persons that read volume one called for and read volume two as eagerly. The intrinsic value of the book is present as much as ever; yet, superior though it is to many books of later committee selection, it is not called for in spite of the fact that in many instances persons are unable to obtain copies of the later books. The brand of recency has worn off.

Still, this wearing away of the brand of recency also has its compensations. Living up to their program of choosing books from the various fields of interests in letters and arts, the selecting committees have not overlooked more immediate vicinities of the barnyard. In fact so much more than proportionate share of attention has been given those sections that ordinary decency demands to be screened from the public eye, that in some cities the books have been banned by police orders. They were books selected by that group of judges who are either salacious minded themselves or weak minded enough to pander to the proclivities of a salacious minded public. A racy recency that stimulates the reading of this kind of books certainly cannot wear off too quickly to lift its canker from the reading public.

If Catholic book clubs will do any good work, it will be not so much along the line of pointing out the

latest best book—an impossible thing at best—as of stimulating the reading of better literature in general by picking out and centering upon some few really worth while books for which by arrangement with publishers they can incidentally also get a saving of price. What, after all, does it matter whether a book gets off the press in the later days of April, and is accepted and is rushed forth as the May book, or whether that same book be presented in July or August. Better a good book of February in the May number than an inferior book of April or May. A book whose chief merit is its recency is one **of** a million, not one **out** of a million.

Of course, there are types of books in which recency counts very much. Built upon the material of their predecessors, having later facts, and newer views, and a greater breadth of vision, and better modes of expression, they do well to supplant their progenitors; but books of travel, fiction, philosophy, and books of religion are not that kind. If the success of a book of these categories depends upon the difference of the selection by a month or two, its superiority rests upon a slender claim indeed.

Frequenters of our library will know that we subscribe to the Catholic Book Club. They will know furthermore what books have been the selection of this club, and, what is more important, they will have read the Catholic Book Club Monthly Newsletter and noted the perhaps no less worth while books that have received the indorsement of the Catholic Book Club. The Library, by the way, considers these Newsletters, as annotated and marked with the call number, an official partial list of some of its recent purchases. Books specifically indorsed will be found in the annotated booklets, "My Bookcase; A guide to sound and interesting reading".

Some recent books recently received by the Library are: Ashton, Mary Grace: Shackles of the free; Bauman, Emil: St. Paul; Belloc, Hilaire: James the Second; Chapman, Maristan: The happy mountain; Dimnet, Abbe: The art of thinking; Dissard, Jean: Father Francis Tarin; Ellsberg, Edward: On the bottom; Gerould, James Thayer: The pact of Paris; Gwynn, Denis: A hundred years of Catholic Emancipation, and The struggle for Catholic Emancipation; Heyward, Du Bose: Mamba's daughters; Joergensen: An autobiography, two volumes; Jordan, Elizabeth: The devil and the deep sea; Johnsen, Julia E.: National defense; Lewis, D. B. Wyndham: Francois Villon; Lewis and Heseltine: A Christmas book; McCullagh, Francis: Red Mexico; Mumford, Lewis: Herman Melville; O'Donnell, Peadar: The way it was with them; Official Catholic year book; O'Shaughnessy, Edith: Other ways and other flesh; Repplier, Agnes: Pere Marquette; Richardson, E. A.: Poems; Sierra, Gregorio Martinez: Spanish plays; Talbot, Francis: Fiction by its makers; Van Doren, Mark: Anthology of world poetry; Walsh, James J.: A Catholic looks at life; Williams, Michael: Catholicism and the modern mind; Woodward, W. E.: Meet General Grant; Gheon, Henry: The secret of the Cure D'Ars.

A strong argument loses no more from courtesy than the kick of a camel loses from the softness of the beast's foot.

—Austin O'Malley

A college should expand a boy from the neck upward, like a cabbage; but it often expands him from the neck downward, like a turnip.

—Austin O'Malley

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Columbians easily surpassed all their previous records of the present school year on the evening of April 16 in their excellent presentation of the three-act comedy, "The Fall Guy." From the very rise of the curtain, this play was extremely humorous and full of excitement; it presented an interesting picture of home life, and its well enacted plot was brought to a close in a very pleasant manner. These characteristics of the story itself coupled with the splendid work of the cast account for the great success of the play.

"The Fall Guy" was perhaps the most modern play presented in the local auditorium for many years. The plot of the story happens to be connected with a bootleg ring. Johnnie Quinlan, a rather careless young husband, comes home from work one evening, grouchy and ill-disposed, and when he begins to read the newspaper at the supper table, Bertha, his wife, notices that he has underlined the employment ads—Johnnie has lost his job. Really, the base of the plot is his search for work. After two weeks of fruitless inquiries, Johnnie, being without funds, becomes desperate and accepts work under a bootleg king, Nifty Frank Herman. The second act, chock-full of laughs and embarrassing situations, is climaxed in Johnnie's being discovered by his sister's sweetheart, Charles Newton, who surprisingly proves to be a detective. The melodrama of the third act is a clever contrast to the comedy of the first two acts, and it brings an amusing play to a close when Johnnie finally has the opportunity of following in his father's footsteps as an officer of the law.

James Stapleton as Johnnie Quinlan, "the fall guy," was the principal character of the play. His naturalness, his entire manner on the stage resulted in the best hero portrayal that has been witnessed in the local auditorium this school year. Co-starring with James Stapleton were Henry Alig, who impressively carried the difficult role of Johnnie's wife, Bertha, and Albert Gordon, who injected most of the comedy into the play with his wonderful appearance as the "saxophone hound," Dan Walsh. This trio deserves special credit for the success of "The Fall Guy" since its work approached perfection. The character of Lottie, Johnnie's sister, was very pleasantly represented by John Baechle, while the role of Charles Newton, Lottie's friend, was impressively and fittingly portrayed by Charles Antony. The villainous traits of the mysterious bootleg king, "The Works," was plainly evident in the acting of Henry Barge as Nifty Frank Herman. Newton's two assistants, Keefe and Schultze, were effectively represented by John Wissert and Edmund Guillozet respectively, while Joseph Hageman appeared as the installment collector who always seemed to knock at Quinlan's door just at the wrong time. All in all, the playwrights of "The Fall Guy" had their characters well depicted, and each of the players succeeded in a consistent representation of the distinctive character that he represented. There is no doubt that "The Fall Guy" was the greatest local stage success of this school year, and it has brought about, therefore, a marked boost in the reputation of the C. L. S.

THE CAST

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Johnnie Quinlan | -----James Stapleton |
| Bertha, his wife | -----Henry Alig |
| Lottie, his sister | -----John Baechle |
| Dan Walsh, Bertha's brother | -----Albert Gordon |

| | | |
|--------------------|-------|------------------|
| Charles Newton | ----- | Charles Antony |
| Nifty Frank Herman | ----- | Henry Barge |
| Keefe | ----- | John Wissert |
| Schultze | ----- | Edmund Guillozet |
| A collector | ----- | Joseph Hageman |

On the eve of Alumni Day, the C. L. S. will present the farcical comedy, "Across the Street."

NEWMAN CLUB

The recent meetings of the Newman Club have been held in the auditorium instead of in the class room where they were previously held. This change adds more color to the proceedings and helps to inject more enthusiasm and interest into the private programs. Particularly novel and amusing was the dialogue between Lawrence Grothouse and James Maloney, presented during the meeting of April 28.

The Newmanites will hold their final meeting of the year in the near future, since it is customary for the local literary societies to conclude their private activities about the middle of May.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The attention of the Dwengerites at present is centered chiefly on the raffle which is being conducted by the society. The motion for launching this undertaking was carried at the meeting of April 6. A committee is busy selling chances, and from all appearances its work will be a success.

On Sunday, May 5, the results of the society's short-story contest were announced. Thomas Clayton of the fourth class submitted the winner of the grand prize, five dollars in cash. His story is published in this issue of the Collegian. Those who won

the prizes in their respective classes, one dollar in trade at the mission store, were as follows: Sixth Class—Cornelius Flynn; Fifth Class—Francis Weiner; Fourth Class—Joseph Gibson; Third Class—Francis Gengler; Second Class—Michael Vichuras; First Class—Raymond Weixler.

ALUMNI NOTES

With one accord, professors and students of St. Joseph's extend their heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success to Mr. Walter S. Reineck of the class of 1912, who has recently been appointed U. S. Consul to Antwerp, Belgium. Mr. Reineck will relinquish his present post as consul at Martinique, French West Indies, to take over his new duties at Antwerp. This makes Mr. Reineck's twelfth year in the United States consular service.

Father William Arnold, an alumnus of St. Joseph's, has been transferred as military chaplain to the Philippine Islands, where he will be stationed at Manila. During the past few years, Father Arnold had been stationed as chaplain at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Several years ago, the students at St. Joseph's were privileged to listen to an excellent little talk by Father Arnold at the college auditorium. Father Arnold holds the distinguished rank of major in the United States military chaplain forces.

The judges for the annual Alumni-Essay Contest will be the same as for last year's contest, namely: the Reverend Leo Pursley, the Reverend Anthony Nadolny, and the Reverend Carl Holsinger. Due to the advanced date of Alumni Day, it would be practically impossible to select three new judges. The three judges of last year's contest upon request very

graciously condescended to act again as judges for this year's contest.

Once more, the Alumni-Notes editor is reminded of the prolific pen of Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C. PP. S. by a little book entitled "Our Spiritual Service to the Sick and Dying" which has just been published by Benziger Brothers. As a guide for the preparation of the sick and dying, for the reception of the Last Sacraments, and as an exposition of the ceremonies of the Church in connection with services for the sick and dying, this work will fill a long felt need. The book is published in a very convenient form, is low-priced, and besides the valuable information it contains, it is finely illustrated with diagrams in strict accordance with the ceremonial and usage of the Church.

By dint of much sleuthing and gumshoe work, the Alumni-Notes writer has made another scoop. It is in reference to the annual ball game between the Alumni and College baseball teams. Here is the news: Alumni, gather in close while the writer expatiates. It is alleged that the college baseball team attributes its long series of victories over the alumni team to the fact that they, the college team, put oatmeal in their drinking water. Remember, mum's the word. Other startling revelations will be made later—perhaps.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Victor Magsam, Sheldon, Ind.; The Rev. Louis Hefeles, C. PP. S., Kenosha, Wis.; The Rev. Thos. Daily, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Aloys Dirksen, C. PP. S., Washington, D. C.; The Rev. Raphael Donnelly, Gary,

Ind.; The Rev. Clarence Kroeckel, Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Lawrence Eberle, Avilla, Ind.; The Rev. Edward Stuhlenmueller, Springfield, O.; The Rev. Edward Vurpillat, East Chicago, Ind.; The Rev. Joseph Marling, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Wm. Arnold, Maj., Philippine Islands; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; The Rev. Fred. Rothermel, Reynolds, Ind.; The Very Rev. Geo. Hindelang, C. PP. S., Celina, O.; The Rev. John McCarthy, Lafayette, Ind.; The Very Rev. J. Gillen, Aviston, Ill.; The Rev. John S. Woods, Washington, D. C.

"Making the Grade" is a rather interesting moving picture that was shown recently in St. Joseph's auditorium. The fact that this picture is an adaptation from one of the literary works of George Ade made it doubly interesting, for Mr. Ade's home is but a few short miles from St. Joseph's, and the author is, as it were, a neighbor of us, Collegevillians.

Bart Stricker's quartet surprised and very agreeably entertained us a short time ago with an excellent selection of new songs. The writer of these notes is taking this opportunity to express his personal appreciation as likewise the appreciation of the students generally to Bart and to the members of his quartet for the number of very pleasing entertainments which they have given on various occasions.

The Monday after Easter was, as usual, a free day. If for no other reason than that it affords an opportunity to walk to town, such a holiday is a welcomed event. On the day after Easter when practically everyone is chuck full of hardboiled eggs, soft boiled eggs, chocolate eggs, marshmallow eggs, jelly

beans, etc., etc., etc., could anything be more beneficial than a brisk hike to town and back to wear off at least some of the effects of the formidable array of eatables mentioned above? Besides it is said that laughter is good for digestion, and the local movie theatre provides opportunities for that.

After a number of disappointments, it is a real pleasure to see a moving picture that is a credit to moviedom. Such a picture is "The Flying Fleet" featuring Ramon Novarro. Would there were more pictures like the one witnessed by the students on Easter Monday.

Perhaps some of the outside readers of the Collegian have heard of Jess Pugh, if not they have missed something. This gentleman is a well known humorist who travels on the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit. On Sunday evening, April 7, St. Joseph's was fortunate enough to have him at its auditorium. Mr. Pugh's repertoire consists of both humorous and serious readings. An impersonation of a certain Elmer Wartz, champion hog caller of Indiana, was the prize rendition of the evening. Tubby Kraus is said to have been given up for lost during and after Mr. Pugh's impersonation of the redoubtable Mr. Wartz. Even now Tubby breaks into paroxysms of laughter when the individual is recalled to memory. It is to be hoped that the college has not seen the last of Mr. Pugh but that he will be here again in a not-far-distant future.

Of all days in the year, the most significant for St. Joseph's is April 17, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. This year the college was favored with an exceptionally fine day for honoring its patron. A solemn high Mass in honor of St. Joseph very

appropriately opened the day's activities. At this Mass, a very beautiful sermon on the lessons to be drawn from the life of St. Joseph was delivered by Father Sylvester Ley, C. PP. S. The members of the fifth and sixth classes, at eleven o'clock, repaired to the senior refectory where the annual banquet of the college department was to be held. Before long, knives and forks were playing to the tune of spring chicken, mashed potatoes, lima beans, and several other palatable dainties. After the dinner was over, the social activities of the gathering were opened by a short address by the chairman for the occasion, John Wissert. Speeches by Joseph Schill, T. Corcoran, V. Pax, J. Herod, and T. Durkin followed the introduction by the chairman. The Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Father Paluszak, and Brother Fidelis were present as honorary guests. A short address by Father Paluszak closed an occasion which, no doubt, will be remembered for some time to come. Undoubtedly, this banquet has increased the spirit of good fellowship that already existed among the members of the college department. An occasion such as this is a benefit not only to the classes immediately concerned but to the entire school.

In the afternoon of St. Joseph's Day, permission was granted to go to town. Needless to say the permission was not wasted as was evidenced by the string of students making the trek to the metropolis of Jasper county.

It seems rather peculiar, but it is a fact that April was a month full of happenings. On Sunday evening, April 21, whom should St. Joseph's be entertaining, or more truthfully, who should be entertaining St. Joseph's but Indiana's poet laureate, Emery Aaron

Richardson, better known as "Big Rich." Big is the appropriate appellation, for Mr. Richardson surely has the altitude if not the latitude. Contrary to the preconceived notions of the students who expected a rather severely formal program, Mr. Richardson surprised his audience with a very original and highly humorous entertainment. Several impersonations by "Big Rich" were particularly hilarious. On this occasion, not only Tubby Kraus, but it seemed the audience on the whole were actually rolling in their seats with laughter. St. Joseph's would certainly like to see "Big Rich" again.

So far this thing about "April showers bring May flowers" seems to be making out all right. April gave us the showers, now I wonder whether May is going to give us the flowers. Watch for the next issue, I'll let you know how we fared at St. Joseph's.

A rising vote of thanks voted by the students at the college banquet is but a slight measure of the thanks and appreciation which the students wish to express to the Sisters for their kind co-operation in making the banquet the success that it was.

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom.—J. Foster.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

| Team | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|---------------|-----|------|-------|
| Sixths ----- | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Fifths ----- | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Fourths ----- | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Seconds ----- | 1 | 2 | .333 |
| Thirds ----- | 0 | 3 | .000 |

SIXTHS WIN OPENER, 9 TO 4

The Sixths, with their championship nine of last season practically intact, got off to a flying start in the Senior League race by dishing out a 9 to 4 defeat to the newly-organized Seconds in the season's opener on April 14. The winners counted all of their runs in two innings, coupling timely hits with the Second's miscues to score five markers in the opening round and four more in the third.

Hank Barge, who has a habit of winning all of his games, started in the pitcher's box for the Sixths, and southpawed the Seconds silly. During the four innings that he occupied the mound, Hank didn't yield a sign of a hit. Then the venerable Grover Cleveland Alexander Corcoran strode out to the hill and shoved 'em over during the final two rounds of the six-inning combat. Corky held the opposition to one hit and one run with his ancient left arm. The Seconds had bunched several bases on balls with Sixth Year errors to score their other three runs in the early innings.

Kirchner, another southpaw, hurled fine ball for the Seconds throughout the entire game, but received miserable support. He struck out eleven men, and yielded only six puny safeties, but his mates erred

fourteen times behind him. Yep, Hermie deserved a better fate.

Barge and Stapleton led the Sixths at bat; while Stricker's single was the only safety registered by the Seconds.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | R. | H. |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|----|----|
| Seconds ----- | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1—4 | | 1 |
| Sixths ----- | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0—9 | | 6 |

Batteries: Seconds — Kirchner and Riedlinger, Bubala; Sixths—Barge, Corcoran and Pollak.

FOURTHS RALLY TO BEAT THIRDS, 10—3

A big fourth-inning rally, during which eight runners crossed the plate, enabled the Fourths to come from behind and conquer the Thirds by 10—3 in a six-inning game that was the season's debut for both outfits. Entering the fourth inning with a 2—1 lead, the Third Year infield blew up completely behind the steady pitching of Hoover, and the Fourths mixed two hits and two free passes with four Third Year errors to grab their big lead.

Georgie LaNoue, Third Year second-sacker, provided the big thrill of the afternoon when he connected with one of Stock's fast ones in the third frame and lined it far out into left-field for a homer, giving his team a one-run lead. Bonny Dreiling, with two safe bingles in four attempts, was the star willow-wielder for the winners. Stock and Wuest, who hurled four and two innings respectively for the Fourths, were both effective.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | R. | H. |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|----|----|
| Fourths ----- | 1 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 1—10 | | 6 |
| Thirds ----- | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0—3 | | 6 |

Batteries: Fourths—Stock, Wuest and B. Dreiling; Thirds—Hoover and Siebeneck.

FIFTHS SMOTHER SECONDS, 16—1

Playing flashy ball in the field behind Sal Dreiling's sterling pitching, and slugging the offerings of Kirchner and Stricker to all corners of the lot, the Fifths made their 1929 diamond debut by overwhelming the Seconds 16 to 1. It was the first Senior League game to go the regulation nine innings.

Dreiling was in rare form, having a grand total of twenty strikeouts to his credit; and Kemp's single was the lone safety gleaned off his delivery throughout the entire nine innings. Fannie Weiner, the Cincy flash, was the big gun in the Fifth's batting attack, registering five safe swats and three runs in six trips to the plate. Big Slicker Uhrich was also potent at the plate with two doubles, a single, and three runs to his credit in six tries. Van Oss of the winners pulled the Babe Ruth stunt in the second round when he poled out a circuit drive, scoring a runner ahead of him.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|-------|
| Innings | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9—R. | H. |
| Seconds | ----- | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0— | 1 1 |
| Fifths | ----- | 0 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | x— | 16 16 |

Batteries: Seconds — Kirchner, Stricker and Bubala; Fifths—M. Dreiling and Van Oss.

SIXTHS BLANK THIRDS, 7—0

With Barge in his usual superb form, the Sixths experienced little difficulty in downing the Thirds by 7—0 in a six inning battle to chalk up their second win in as many starts. Besides whitewashing the opposition, Barge was solved for only one scratch hit, and he had thirteen strikeout victims. Hoover pitched good ball for the Thirds, allowing only six safeties and fanning seven men, but his support was ragged at times.

Barge also starred at bat for the winners. One

of his two safe swats was a long drive over the center-fielder's head for a homer in the fourth inning with the bases unoccupied. Heinie Alig, besides playing a whale of a game behind the plate for the Sixths, connected for a single and triple in three tries at bat.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | R. | H. |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|----|----|
| Thirds ----- | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 | | 1 |
| Sixths ----- | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2—7 | | 6 |

Batteries: Thirds—Hoover and Siebeneck;
Sixths—Barge and Alig.

SECONDS TROUNCE THIRDS, 6—3

The plucky Seconds hung up their first victory of the season, and left the Thirds alone in the cellar by winning a 6—3 decision over the Third Year outfit on Sunday, May 5. The Thirds outhit the winners ten to five, but Kirchner, on the mound for the Seconds, was as tight as the proverbial Scotchman in the pinches. Hoover, although stingy with his hits, issued six free tickets to first; and three of these gratis passes were turned into runs.

Sunny Jim Conroy, a Fort Wayne product, gave the Thirds a one-run lead in the initial inning by lashing out a homer into deep left-field. Siebeneck and Cardinali also did some heavy stickwork for the Thirds, the former cracking out a double and two singles in four attempts.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | R. | H. |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|----|----|
| Thirds ----- | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0—3 | | 10 |
| Seconds ----- | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0—6 | | 6 |

Batteries: Thirds—Hoover and Siebeneck; Seconds—Kirchner and Bubala.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

| Team | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|---------------|-----|------|-------|
| Fifths ----- | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Fourths ----- | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Thirds ----- | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Seconds ----- | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Sixths ----- | 0 | 2 | .000 |

FIFTHS NOSE OUT SIXTHS, 6—5

Rallying in the final innings, the Fifth Acs overcame a 5—1 lead which the Sixths had grabbed in the first three frames, and squeezed out a 6—5 victory in the Academic League opener of April 22. After getting off to a bad start, Frenchy Frechette, Fifth Year twirler, settled down after the third round and blanked the opposition throughout the remainder of the seven-inning contest. Knapke was the batting luminary of the encounter, with a single and double to his credit in four tries.

FOURTHS RALLY TO WIN, 14—6

Staging an uphill battle, the Fourths Acs finally overcame an early Second Year lead, and emerged on the long end of a 14—6 score in a seven-inning game that was the season's opener for both outfits. The Fourths put the game on ice in the sixth inning when they pushed seven runs across the plate.

The game was featured by the slugging of Bill Szemetko, who smashed out three screaming home runs and a two-bagger in four trips to the plate. The big league scouts have been hounding Bill ever since, but when interviewed by a flock of sports writers concerning the matter, Szemetko refused to speak. It, however, is being whispered about that Bill doesn't intend to sign any contract until after the final exams.

THIRDS WIN EASILY, 9—1

Playing bang-up ball behind the invincible pitching of "Babe Ruth" Leiker, the Third Acs experienced little difficulty in turning back Doggie Flynn's Sixth Year bunch by 9 to 1. The winners bunched hits off Red Matthews, the Texas cowboy, in the third and sixth innings, and scored four runs in each of these rounds. Leiker limited the Sixths to four hits in the six-inning affair. Blommer and Novak were the chief bambinos of the afternoon.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

| Teams | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|----------------------|-----|------|-------|
| Sonny Boys ----- | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Batting Demons ----- | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Swatters ----- | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Diamond Nine ----- | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Reds ----- | 0 | 2 | .000 |

SONNY BOYS WIN OPENER

Coach Weiner's Sonny Boys nosed out the Reds by 11—9 in the opening game of the Junior League on April 22. The Reds practically threw away the game in the first two innings, during which Greenwell's wildness and the infield's ragged work permitted the Sonny Boys to score eight times without the aid of a single hit. Gannon hurled fine ball for the Reds the rest of the way, but his efforts were wasted as a last-inning rally of his mates fell two runs short of tying the score. Fontana and Peterworth were the batting stars of the game.

BATTING DEMONS CASH, 10—9

Pounding English hard in the late innings, the Batting Demons took a close game from the Swatters by 10—9. Pank Elder and English, the starting pitch-

ers, both went the entire route. Lange, Gengler, and Ritter of the Demons, and Hettinger and Growney of the Swatters were outstanding at bat.

SONNY BOYS WIN ANOTHER

Despite home runs by Schuman and Altieri, the Diamond Nine dropped their initial Junior League contest to the fast-stepping Sonny Boys by 19 to 4. Naughton, Nardeccia, Snyder and Harris led the batting assault of the winners. The losers could do little with the combined offerings of four Sonny Boy flingers.

BATTING DEMONS COP BY 10—5

The Batting Demons kept pace with the Sonny Boys by trouncing the lowly Reds 10—5 on May 5. Panky Elder pitched airtight ball for the Demons, allowing only five hits and chalking up fifteen strikeouts. Kenny Moore's titanic triple, which scored two mates ahead of him and put his team in front, was a feature of the game.

TURNER HALL ACTIVITIES

After an energetic and successful season of league work and individual endeavor, Turner Hall was closed on April 7.

Those who merited the coveted "J" for proficiency in Turner work are: Paul Boltz, 260; Francis Matthews, 252; Arnold Grot, 215; Thomas Gyuris, 214; Gus Gengler, 202; Joseph Forwith, 189; Richard Aubry, 217; Herman Kirchner, 177; Richard Biggins, 176. Robert Greenwell with 155 points, Joseph Kemp with 128, Park Roussey with 132, each earned an "S J C."

In the final College-High meet of the season, the College team won by a score of 473 to 423. Forwith

of the High School squad and Matthews of the College were the outstanding stars of the contest. No new records were established.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHER WISE

Tommy—Yes, teacher, I was sick in bed yesterday and couldn't come to school.

Teacher—Well, how is it I saw you pass my house on your bicycle about eleven o'clock?

Tommy—Oh, that must have been when I was going for the doctor.

American (at Scotch football game)—Why don't they start? They should have kicked off an hour ago.

Scotchman—Something serious has happened.

American—Did one of the players get sick?

Scotchman—No, worse than that, they canna find the penny they tossed up with.

She—If you die first, you'll wait for me on the other shore, won't you?

He—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without waiting for you.

Chucky—Boy, you ain't seen no change in temperature! Why up in Indiana I was boiling some water one warm day, and a Norther blew up and froze that water so fast, the ice was still warm.

Algerton—Fawncy this Percival; it says heah that one chappie was so dumb, he thought a football coach had four wheels.

Percival—Haw, haw, and how many wheels has the bally thing?

THE MORNING BELL

A splendor falls on the college walls
And the windows of the third story.
The long light stains the window panes,
The five o'clock sun in his glory.
Ring, bell, ring, set the wild echoes flying!
Ring, darn you; answer echoes, groaning, stretching,
sighing.

O hark, O hear, its coming near
And louder, clearer, closer clanging.
And now a storm within the "dorm",
The morning bell's a-ringing.
Ring, let us hear the sleepy lads replying!
Ring, darn you; answer echoes, growling, yawning,
sighing.

F. M.

Humor Editor (eyeing editor's check)—I sure don't get what's coming to me for my jokes.

Editor—You're lucky at that.

"Six times six is forty-two",
Said Abie turning red.
"No, it's not. It's thirty-six",
Is what the teacher said.
"I know it's only thirty-six",
Said Abie with a frown,
"I just answered forty-two,
For fear you'd 'Jew' me down".

Bozo—And are you sure these field glasses are powerful?

Enthusiastic Salesman—Why say, my lad, with these glasses, anything less than five miles away looks like it's behind you.

Football Coach—What experience have you had?

Freshman—Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck.

Dan—What's the idea of rolling your own cigarettes?

Gus—Well, you see, the doctor ordered me to take some exercise.

Pee Wee—Say, can't you skate?

Tony (trying for the first time)—I don't know yet, I can't stand up long enough to find out.

Mother—What is all that noise out there?

The Twins—We've got Daddy and Uncle Bob locked up in the garage. When they get a little madder, we're going to play, "going into the lions' cage."

Farmer—Hey, you! Drop that poison ivy, quick!

City Swell—Tut, tut, my good man, calm yourself, this wasn't picked on your land.

Bozo says:

Some people are surprised when they see a stork standing on one leg. There's nothing wonderful about that, 'cause if he lifted it, he'd fall down.

The college "dorm" is divided into two classes: those who go to sleep and snore, and those who lie awake and listen to 'em.

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